

Literature.

John Bull and the Frenchman.

(From the New York Weekly Herald.)

The news of the surrender of Mexico and of the occupation of the French troops has thrown the English press into a state of excitement which the *Weekly Herald* does not conceal. Lord Palmerston's journal even evinces great embarrassment as to appraising this fortunate event. The *Standard* is equally at a loss. It endeavors to question the good effects that are to be expected from this singular disposition on the part of a ministerial journal. It says that the English of an allied government is a new thing.

John Bull and the Frenchman, we find, on these points are of one mind. That the cause of our Union is just. Compared with tobacco and cotton. That this terrible war is to cease. At once in a treaty of peace. Which will let our rebellious States go. To the rule of Jeff. Davis & Co.

But John keeps an eye on his brother, and neither has faith in the other. Both would like to "pitch in" if they durst, but each is afraid to first. So John plays the neutral, while Kap. A. a great and humane man, who is endeavoring to do his duty, with his olive branch—uncut by the French people to King Jeff. and Old Abe.

But the neutral professions of John are a shabby pretense, put off. Which hide and keep the French people, the tail of Old Nick and his look. The neutrality is in disguise. A philosophy which they have to sell. When cotton is at a high figure. He ceases to weep for the negro.

John Bull has two strings to his bow—Uncle Sam and Jeff. Davis & Co. He enjoys our legitimate trade. And serves, through Old Nick's blockade. His rebel confederates right well. For the cotton which they have to sell. But serves them still better—the coal—in his rebel practical net.

A neutral, of course, he remains. As he rolls in his big golden gains. As his money and his wealth are employed. To have his republic destroyed. To sever our country in twain. For the cotton which they have to sell. And he dreams when the Union goes down. Of a reign without end to the Crown.

As the fight of the Kilburnians was, doubtless, enjoyed by the rats. This war is enjoyed by John Bull. And so long as his pockets are full. And the rebels are serving his ends. He will be as firm as his friends. But if to their ruin they plunge. He will squeeze them as dry as a sponge.

Such is Bull as a neutral. But how stands the sharp little Frenchman just now? It appears that he means very well. With that vagabond traitor, John Bull. And would strike for King Jeff. any day. If Bull would give him the track. For ten years of Southern sales.

Meantime into poor Mexico The Frenchman has slipped, as you know, And set up, perhaps with the hope Of humbugging Father and Pope. A Dutchman in purple to rule. As the Victor of France, and a tool. Who will not, when the Union goes down. To the cause or the claims of King Jeff.

And Texas, perhaps, is the slice Jeff. will be paid, as the price For his kingdom's defence and release. In a truce and a treaty of peace. Upon Sam will thus pay for the dance. To the story of Davis and France. Till the Frenchman can slip up the ball—King Davis, King Cotton and all.

But here comes the test to John Bull. And this project may stick in his wool: When rogues disagree, it is known. Honest men may rather be so. So England and France, in the toils Of a snare concerning the spoils. Will surely be bound to the prey, And Justice will carry the day.

The Guerilla Colonel Outwitted By the Female Spy.

(From the New York Weekly Herald.)

But no one doubted on the whole that she was what she seemed, a dandy fair. And fresh and beautiful exceedingly. Who with the brightest Georgians might compare. Brown.

"My poor little Bobby, you will never escape through our lines," said Caroline, as I was announcing to her my determination of attempting a return to Yankee land.

"I shall make the effort at all events, and if I am caught why then I—suppose they can but hang me or shoot me." Here I perceived that my voice was getting husky, and that unconsciously I had put my arm around Caroline's neck, and in my agitation was kissing her black dresses with unusual fervor.

Before going any further with my story I must inform the reader who I am and why I made the above remark. Some years since I left my native State, Vermont, and went to New York, where I entered the drug store of an uncle of mine. In due course of time I became thoroughly versed in the profession I had adopted, and in the summer of 1861 I went to the city of Savannah to establish myself in partnership with a gentleman who had for years been a customer of my uncle's, and who offered me a share in his business, so he wished a practical associate, and deemed me quite *au fait* with drugs.

We were doing a good business when this unfortunate war broke out, and after its commencement we made an immense amount of money—Confederate scrip; but this did not satisfy me. I am a loyal Union man, and became at last so disgusted with the rebels that I sold out my share of the drug store at a great bargain, and determined I would leave the country somehow. This was not an easy matter, as the tide of success was now turning against the rebel army, and as a consequence all sympathizers with the Union were hated most intensely.

There was one tie binding me to Dixie, and I must acknowledge that it was a very strong one; but still the desire to revisit the North had become a mania, and although I dearly loved the life above referred to—Miss Carrie—still I was determined to leave the South. Carrie is a terrible rebel; but, as she and I were lovers before the war broke out, she remained true to her affection, and, spite of the difference of our political opinions, it was perfectly understood that we were to get married at the first opportunity. I wished to escape to the North, and she was then to join me, a matter of no difficulty to her, as her relatives could procure passes for her, but would not do so for me, whom they looked upon as a "cursed Yankee." I had turned all my available means—quite a large sum—into good greenbacks, and was determined to make my way through the lines of the rebel armies.

"My poor little Bobby you will never escape," said Caroline; and to tell the truth, I was very dubious as to the result of my venture; but still I was determined I would make the attempt.

"I have an idea," said Carrie, with a start and a look of self-gratulation. "Yes, I have an excellent idea. If you will go, Bobby, you shall dress yourself in women's apparel; you will then be able to get through the lines without danger of your life, as no Southerner would injure a woman." I was indignant at this proposal, and, drawing up to my full height, assured Carrie that her idea was a ridiculous one. She laughed at my annoyance.

"Master Bobby, you are just my size, said she, and I am sure you can wear my dresses; get a nice wig, and with your smooth face you will defy detection." Here the teasing rump ranged alongside of me, and truth compels me to acknowledge that she was just my height, fully as stout as I am, and that to my great regret and spite of ointments and ingredients to make the beard grow, my face was as free from mustache or whiskers as hers. The fact is, I am a very small specimen, but console myself with the idea that all great men have been of small stature.

"Well, Carrie," sighed I, "your suggestion is not a bad one. I will adopt it. Although I am sure I shall make a horrid looking woman."

"You silly thing," asserted Carrie, with vehemence.

meant, "you know better. If you weren't nice looking do you suppose I should have fallen in love with such a nice as you are? You will make a nice, pretty girl, and all the young fellows will be in love with you."

I need not dwell here upon the details of our plan; suffice it to say I procured the necessary disguise, and that, provided with a most natural wig and somewhat whitened and rouged, my make up was a most successful one.

"You sweet little thing," said Carrie, kissing me most affectionately; "I can hardly believe it ain't a girl."

I felt aggrieved at this, and embraced her with a vigor which brought a prompt and peremptory "Cease this nonsense, sir!" satisfied with so much of a victory, I subsided into my assumed role of a woman, and in that confounded crinoline in a manner which caused Carrie the greatest amusement. That night I took my leave of the dear girl, and in due course of time arrived near the lines of the rebel army. Now came my hour of trouble, and with a beating heart I sat beside the farmer whom I had hired to drive me in his wagon to the extreme outpost. At last the man arrived at a point where he halted, and informed me that he dared go no further.

"You see, Miss, I am afraid these soldiers will take my horse, and I can't afford to lose him. They have already seized my best team, and if they were to take Sorrel I should be in a nice mess." I made no endeavor to persuade the man to go further. I paid him the sum we had agreed upon, and as he turned around and drove quickly back I trudged man—womanly forward. I passed several groups of soldiers; but they paid little attention to me. It is true that my dress was of a most simple material and that my appearance was not calculated to draw attention to me; still I feared the rude and terribly dirty ragamuffins whom I met. I avoided them, however, and at last felt persuaded that I was safely through the lines. This was a mistake, however. I had not as yet approached them, as I found out to my cost. Turning an angle of the road, I came plump upon a foraging party.

"That's a nice gal," said one of the men. The officer, hearing this, turned around, and, seeing me, came up and said—

"Well, ma'am, which way?" I became confused, and said I only wished to see the camps. "Have you a pass?" inquired the young officer. "No, sir, I have none."

"Whom are you looking for—whom do you wish to see?" I could give no satisfactory answer to these inquiries, and the officer seemed at last to become suspicious.

"Young ladies are not in the habit of running about in this way, I believe," said he, curtly. "You must come with me to the Colonel's headquarters. It is some distance to the camp, and you will have to get up behind me."

He was on horseback. I, of course, attempted no opposition. I am sorry to say that I came near betraying myself here. I was on a stump from whence I was to get upon the horse's back, and made, unthinkingly, an effort to straddle the animal. My crinoline prevented the successful carrying out of this purpose. Blushing deeply at my absurd mistake, I assumed a proper position behind the lieutenant. As I did so, I observed that the men were laughing at my blunder.

"That's a high old gal," said one of the ruffians, to the great amusement of those not occupied searching in the carpet bag I had carried, and which contained a change of all the needed apparel. They found nothing suspicious or valuable, and so the sack was returned to me.

"Here, boys, one of you take care of this," said the officer, and then we trudged on until we reached the Colonel's quarters. I ascertained that my captors formed the extreme outpost of the rebel army, and that, had I managed to escape them, I could have reached the Union lines.

"Hello! Jones, who have you there?" said a tall, red-faced officer, as we rode up to the house which was occupied by the Colonel, the tall, red-faced individual in question.

"A young lady who we found roaming about our lines. She has no pass, and can't tell what she wants, and, as female spies are not natural impossibilities, I thought I would hand the lady over to your care, Colonel."

"You did right, sir. Will you please walk into this room?" said the Colonel to me. I did as he requested.

"Now, then, miss, what is your object—what do you desire?"

"Well, sir, I only wished to see the camp, a natural curiosity, and I—"

"Here the Colonel interrupted me.

"Boy," he shouted, "tell Lieutenant Jones to come in here." That officer soon made his appearance.

"Have you searched this lady's baggage?"

"Yes, sir; we found nothing." Here concluded it was better to attempt a diversion, and so I stammered something about a dear friend who was in the army, and whom I had not heard from for a long, oh, so long a time!

"Ah, yes!" said the Colonel, melting at the view of my tears. "A case of love. Well, well, we will see what can be done for you. You must remain here until to-morrow, and then I will aid you in your search. Come, don't cry. You shall sup with myself and my officers and the colonel of a guerilla band, whom I have invited to share my meal. You can have a room to sleep in, safe from annoyance, and to-morrow we will endeavor to find out something about that dear fellow of yours." Of course I could not accede to this proposition, although I was terribly afraid I should betray myself ere the evening was over. I went to the room indicated to me, and arranged my wig, washed my hands and assumed my most maidenly appearance as the colored servant of the Colonel came to announce to me that supper was ready. As I neared the door of the room where that meal was laid I heard a loud voice uttering the following remark—

"Looking for a lover? More likely a spy. I'd slap her under arrest and send her to the Richmond jail if she couldn't give a good account of herself."

"An interesting looking girl," said the Colonel in a deprecating tone.

"All the more likely to be a spy," said the rough voice. "These damned women are smart. I tell you." Here I was ushered in, and the discussion ceased. I felt no fear that I should be discovered, as I must own that in my disguise I looked uncommonly like a woman; but I dreaded lest my voice, which was somewhat harsh for that of a female, might awaken the suspicions of the brute whom I had overheard.

"Will you allow me to lead you to a seat," said the Colonel with great politeness. "Gentlemen, supper is ready." We were soon seated around a very well supplied table, and I must say I enjoyed the meal, spite of my anxiety regarding my position.

The guerilla was a tall, rough, ugly brute, surly enough, and he gazed at me with a most unpleasant scowl; but I bore his glance unflinchingly, and at last he assumed a better natured look. The Colonel and his officers treated me with great attention, and long ere the termination of the repast I felt less uneasy. I was persuaded that from none of them would I meet with bad treatment. By degrees the conversation grew more animated—

as the whiskey bottle grew empty—and I now observed that more than one of the party were glancing at me in the most affectionate manner. The guerilla, as he became more convivial, grew communicative, and recounted how he and his band had pillaged and burned houses and hung the inmates. I will add, out of justice to the Colonel and his officers, that they in no way approved of

the narrative indulged in by their guest, who at last turned out to be a Yankee.

"I say, Miss, what is the name of that nice young man you are looking for, eh?" I made no reply at first, I so hated the ruffian; but I reflected that it was better to avoid his ill will, and so I commenced a conversation with him. He drank freely, and at last became devoted to his attention to me. When we all rose from the table he hastened to offer me his arm, and I could not but accept it. The Colonel and his officers went to smoke on the porch. We followed them; but it was evident I had made a conquest of the guerilla chieftain. He was constantly treading upon my feet to my great annoyance, and whenever he could catch my eye he winked and blinked at me in the most significant manner.

"I tell you what, Colonel," said he, interrupting a conversation going on between the gentleman and myself, "I tell you what, my style of warfare has its good side. I get plenty of booty and run no great risk. I have made some good hauls, and I think I'll look around for a wife now." Here he haw-hawed, and looked at me steadily. I made no response—I hated the brute; but I was afraid of angering him.

A few moments after the Colonel announced to me that I might retire.

"I will see that you are not disturbed," said he, "and that you are duly amused in the morning. We get our breakfast very early, Miss, and you will have to be up with the lark to-morrow. We will see about your friend in the morning." All the officers now pressed around me, and I bade them one and all good night. The guerilla alone said nothing; he was apparently in a brown study. Glad to escape his notice, I hastily followed the black servant to my room.

"Good night, miss," said he, with a grin. "Want your shoes blacked?" I said no, and the fellow retired. Left alone, I reflected sadly upon my position, what was to become of me and how should I manage to escape. It was clear that the next morning I should be unable to do so. The guerilla's words were ringing in my ears, and I felt decidedly uncomfortable, and was ruminating sadly when I heard a noise at my window.

Tap, tap, tap. There could be no mistake; there was some one rapping there. I went to the window, and there I saw the dark outline of a man's head and shoulders. When the person saw me approach he tapped more loudly. What could this mean? A sudden thought entered my mind. It was some enterprising fellow, some would-be lover, who, taking me for a girl, was anxious to attract my attention. I pondered upon it all, and finally concluded it would be better to see the person and endeavor to make him assist me to escape. I opened the window, and, to my intense disgust, ascertained it was the guerilla. He had placed some boards against the side of the house, and had managed to mount upon them high enough to just reach my window.

"I say, my dear, you are the nicest girl I know," said the fellow, "and if you will come with me I will marry you, so help me jingo. I have a nice farm in Tennessee; have got a sack full of money—none of your scrip, but greenbacks—and I will make you the mistress of all I have. You've just taken my fancy, and I'm a man of few words. Get out of this place, come with me, and to-morrow I will marry you, so help me God." It was evident the man was in earnest. I determined I would escape with him, and that once out I would make an effort to get away from him.

"Will you swear you will deal honorably by me?" I asked.

"I swear I will take you with me to my camp, that you shall be well treated, and that to-morrow I will marry you, all above board. I am in dread of earnest," said he, with an endeavor to be tender. I no longer hesitated.

"Get down, I say, and turn your back. I will climb out, and then we must get away as fast as we can." He got off of the boards and turned away. I clambered out as best I could with those confounded skirts and that crinoline. When I reached the ground the ruffian made an effort to embrace me.

"None of that, or I go in again, I said firmly." He subsided, but asserted with show of warmth that I had the nicest ankles in all Virginia. The wretch had looked, that was evident. However, I had no time for a display of maidenly reserve, and so I eagerly inquired how we were to get away.

"I have a little nice horse you ever saw," said the guerilla. "I shot the Yankee officer who rode him, and took him in for my own use. As likely a critter as one would meet with in all the States. He's hitched up just near here. We'll just take a sup of this drink to the health of Cousin Sally Ann, and then both jump on Nigger, and off we go."

I made a face at the whiskey; but I took a good pull at it, nevertheless, as I was determined I would make an effort to escape from the guerilla.

"That's a gal after my own heart," said the fellow as he shook the flask. "Here's to Cousin Sally Ann." I did not know what he meant, but assured him that I was quite ready to drink to his relative's health. He chuckled immoderately at this.

"Don't you know," said he, "Cousin Sally Ann—C. S. A.—Confederate States America." I didn't see the fun of the thing; so I urged our departure. The man went for his horse, a fine animal. I mounted him, and we rode swiftly away. The sentinels challenged us; but the guerilla, of course, knew the countersign, and we were soon far from the outposts. We rode along for some time ere either spoke. The guerilla was more than likely affected by the chilliness of the night. I was revolving in my mind plans of escape. Embarrassed by my dress, I felt that to jump off and run was a dangerous experiment.

"We won't get to my camp for some time yet," said my companion, at last. "We are nearer the enemy than the army is. You see the country folks sympathize with us and keep us informed of the movements of the Yankees, and show us where all the safe hiding places are."

I made no reply. I was reflecting. I noticed that the dawn was near at hand. The horizon became streaked with red lines. Just then we reached a crossroad. The horse made an attempt to take to the right.

"Halloo, Nigger!" shouted the guerilla. "You damned fool, do you want to go right into the Yankee camp?" He turned to me. "Ten miles down that road the Yankees are in force. They intend to attack Lee pretty soon, I guess."

Just then an idea entered my head. I noted upon it at once. I saw the revolver the fellow carried was just by my hand in my case. I took hold of it, pulled it out and saw that it was loaded. He did not observe this movement.

"I say, my friend, you must let Nigger take that crossroad. I want to reach the Yankee camp very much." My tone was firm and decided. The man evidently understood that I meant mischief. He endeavored to turn; but I thrust the muzzle of the pistol in his ear and said—

"Listen to me. Go down that road to the Yankee camp or I will blow your brains out on the spot."

"But, good Lord!" said the fellow, "what does this mean? I tell you I'll marry you, gal; I'm a man of my word."

"I am no woman. I wish to reach the Union camp, and if you don't go there I must shoot you, and thus get rid of you. Now, I don't want to do this, as though you have made my escape; but I shall be forced to do so if you don't obey my wishes." The fellow panted with dismay.

"Take that damned pistol away," grumbled he; "it might go off. It's mighty easy on the trigger."

"Will you please take it?" This time my tone was significant. I meant to shoot at once.

"This is hell," said the guerilla, reluctantly pulling Nigger around into the crossroad. He said no more, neither did I, until we came across the Yankee pickets. We were taken in charge and brought before the officer in command. I explained the transaction, and was as soon allowed to pursue my way to Washington. The guerilla was sent to prison. As I had the fellow again he said, acerbity.

"How did I ever take that damned ugly mug for a woman?"

I paid no attention to the compliment, and went on my way rejoicing.

I will add, for the gratification of those who may take an interest in Carrie, that she managed to come North, and that she is now my wife, and rules me with a rod of iron. To all my objections she answers,

"You were the petticoat; I'll wear the—what do you call it?"

The Man Who Did Not Take a Paper.

(From the New York Weekly Herald.)

I have as nice a little farm as can be found in the State of Minnesota. On the next farm to it is the hero of this story (if you please to call it so), the man who did not take a paper. How this man came to take a paper I am going to try to tell you.

You see, my family is a reading family. Why, when we were on East, the Herald used to visit us regularly as the daylight; and, upon my word, we thought it quite as necessary to our existence. But when my means failed, and I had to pull up stakes and move West, I was obliged to give up the DAILY HERALD. It was about as hard a tug to do so as to leave the old homestead; but, said I to my wife, "this spirit is willing, but the pocket is weak. Mollie, and so we left the Herald behind us with the rest of our clothing."

Well, after we were comfortably settled out here in Minnesota, we began to feel the need of reading matter. Books were few, and the papers were scarce. We got our breakfast very early, Miss, and you will have to be up with the lark to-morrow. We will see about your friend in the morning." All the officers now pressed around me, and I bade them one and all good night. The guerilla alone said nothing; he was apparently in a brown study. Glad to escape his notice, I hastily followed the black servant to my room.

"Good night, miss," said he, with a grin. "Want your shoes blacked?" I said no, and the fellow retired. Left alone, I reflected sadly upon my position, what was to become of me and how should I manage to escape. It was clear that the next morning I should be unable to do so. The guerilla's words were ringing in my ears, and I felt decidedly uncomfortable, and was ruminating sadly when I heard a noise at my window.

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Well, after we were comfortably settled out here in Minnesota, we began to feel the need of reading matter. Books were few, and the papers were scarce. We got our breakfast very early, Miss, and you will have to be up with the lark to-morrow. We will see about your friend in the morning." All the officers now pressed around me, and I bade them one and all good night. The guerilla alone said nothing; he was apparently in a brown study. Glad to escape his notice, I hastily followed the black servant to my room.

"Good night, miss," said he, with a grin. "Want your shoes blacked?" I said no, and the fellow retired. Left alone, I reflected sadly upon my position, what was to become of me and how should I manage to escape. It was clear that the next morning I should be unable to do so. The guerilla's words were ringing in my ears, and I felt decidedly uncomfortable, and was ruminating sadly when I heard a noise at my window.

Tap, tap, tap. There could be no mistake; there was some one rapping there. I went to the window, and there I saw the dark outline of a man's head and shoulders. When the person saw me approach he tapped more loudly. What could this mean? A sudden thought entered my mind. It was some enterprising fellow, some would-be lover, who, taking me for a girl, was anxious to attract my attention. I pondered upon it all, and finally concluded it would be better to see the person and endeavor to make him assist me to escape. I opened the window, and, to my intense disgust, ascertained it was the guerilla. He had placed some boards against the side of the house, and had managed to mount upon them high enough to just reach my window.